

O c u l o m a n c y

(on pragmatics of white-out transgression)

by Basilisk

A picture from a cum fiesta: black background ... flat; a middle-aged woman lying on a dark purple couch (more reminding me of a painted set by Lucian Freud); eyes wide open filled with the immaculate whiteness of semen; more exquisite than the rolled back eyes triggered by epilepsy or a Bataillesque eye of a delerious father pissing into the pit. A piece of *soft marble* essentially artificial to nature; and not molded through geologic and diagenetic processes. This is to me a fitting eye for cutting into the oceanian monstrosity of Moby Dick. Ahab, this magus of seduction and becoming, however, suggests peeling the eye to publicize its true ocular sphere, forging a vessel collecting all the juice that the sun squirts, eroticized by a cosmic ululation: "toss it off, babe". Followed by this ritualistic circumcision of the eye, the charred whiteness is deposited on the eyeball. With the installation of the photo-poison of the sun on the eye, actualized at the price of constructing a tactical route bound to pseudo-flux of a landscaped Outside, the eye is accentuated as an economic zone of a blackening white zone, an energy swamp which highly attracts economic pimps, energy mercantilist and libidinal architectonic forces of desire, all the acolytes the disciples of Pseudo-flux [1]. The eye becomes a true boundary of open systems (not openness), politically unlocking the gate toward adventurers of the outside. Make no mistake, boundary is not an orthodox conservative of the right-wing, a hard-liner, but a master of pseudo-flux, stealth, cunning, adept in giving solidity a fluxional fate, forging the most flexible architectonic forces out of intensities (of the Outside). Boundary is a bulimic complex.

Although the zone of whiteness (the white-heat of transgression or solar passion for cosmic black-out), becomes imminent to the eye, but a fluid distance is also invoked through which the Outside is introduced as the sole route to solar unenlightenment. Such a route, of course, is not dogmatically metric, nor does it have a sense of direction but inevitably is all pregnant of tactics and fluvial movements which can not avoid to carry the softened solid particles of the ground and its horizons seeking to impregnate (*make fertile*) flux and transform it to a gradient of flowing solids forming new landscapes, faces and lands expert and creative in keeping their solidity intact within the flux. Such a route does not only form new landscapes of anthropomorphic desire and lands on which eventually monolithic rocks are devitrified but also sets itself as a maneuvering ground for the anthropomorphic desire. Is it all we can do; forgetting the artistic autonomy of tellurian darkness and its ingenuity to taste the true perversion of the sun and economically open ourselves to the outside whose space can be *efficiently* fertilized (charged with deposition processes) by energy pimps?

Ahab's pragmatic suggestion is indeed of use and interest but the sun invites and deserves more creative eyes, and more complex in terms of bonds they engineer with the demonic zone of whiteness.

Our reference picture portrays a Blue romanticism, a B-performance (as of B-movies) which knows nothing of subjective eyes; it laughs at them, mocks them and makes a pretentious zone of whiteness in a sense of ruined theatricalism (a *soup* opera gone mad); a whiteness whose project is to waste as it entertains and entertains on an inhuman level as it wastes 'performance' on the stage. You want to see white, then, here I 'come': but all you can see is darkness. The whiteness of the outside comes on the ocular sphere through the ever-atrophying paranoia of masculinity whose once the key substance of its full characteristics and libidinal commercialism (and a cardinal code for being recognized from female virility) -- supposedly fertilizing semen or libidinal blood -- has merely transmuted to a readymade material for creating

exquisite situations of irony and anti-male performances much like tons of foaming blood in zombie flicks and slasher movies hemorrhaging entertainingly in the complete absence of wound.

This is an eye summoning the whiteness of a wasting paranoia (It) on its ocular sphere, making its sleeky surface closer to 'IT' [2], to see the ample opportunities of being prosthesized by such a waste (whose origin -- He -- is also progressively atrophied through schizotactic lines of terminal paranoia) not through a subjective horizon or superscope but a Blue-situation, a B-line, a B-project for summoning the ill-lighted immensity of whiteness. An abominable eye terribly enthusiastic to trade through seduction and strategic affirmations; it seduces instead of opening itself; seducing whiteness not as an embodied immensity of the Outside (the scourge of the outside) but a plague profoundly emerging from within as a waste necessarily seething up from the resisting (auto-wrecking) body of paranoia (which cannot survive but as a waste) and its autonomous processes ... a waste gradually engulfing paranoia and its machinery. Such a plague rising from within corresponds with 'IT', the wasted 'He' who comically both resisted and triggered the hetero-genesis of the Outside as a mere route to solar whiteness. But what it awakens is actually an epidemic self-propagating waste: It.

The eye who tastes 'IT' belongs to Moby Dick, the leviathan of whiteness. An eye running hot for a Tellurian darkness.

White fade-out to Blue Omega.

But still, I ask myself: who can imagine the creativity of a lesbian whose cum is white?

Notes:

[1] On Pseudo-flux, see: [Pestis Solidus: On Economy of Pseudo-flux](#)

[2] On 'It' and masculinity, see: [A Good Meal](#)